27 W. 18th St.,
New York, Feb. 22, 1874.

My Dear Garrison,

Here is a letter from Benjamin R. Baron, which I think you will be glad to see. It seems singular that one so feeble in body has lived to be so old, while so many younger and stronger men have died.

I have just finished my third number, bringing the history down to the time of your lectures in Julien Hall. I shall next give an account of the founding of the Liberator, and then of the New England Anti-Slavery Society, etc. I enjoy the writing very

much, and may be drawn further that I first intended, if my numbers appear to be well received. I shall probably send one long for a few of the early volumes of the Liberator.

There is a Literary Club in this city, made up very largely, though not exclusively, of members of Mr. Forbes' inquirers Society. It meets once a fortnight at private houses, and is generally very interesting. Having been appointed essayist of the Club for March 9th, I propose to "take your life" as a "subject." If your ears happen to burn on that evening, you will know the reason.

Don't forget your promise to write the sketch of Lundy for Johnson's Cyclopedia. It will probably be wanted soon.

With love to Helen and

Frank, and the others when you see them. I am, as ever,

Yours, faithfully,

Oliver Johnson.